

A

REVIEW

OF THE

Affairs of FRANCE

With Observations on TRANSACTIONS at Home.

Tuesday, May 8. 1705.

I Endeavour'd in the last Paper to move these Mistaken Gentlemen, we call *Tackers*, to do Justice to themselves and the Nation, to Own the Mistake, and Ingenuously acknowledge the Absurdity of the thing.

Perhaps some may try the Generosity of the English Peoples Temper, and I would be glad to do them Justice, by acknowledging the Ingenuous Candor of such, and moving all Men to forget the Slip, in Expectation of all that Change of Mind they ought to see in a True Penitent, hoping they would retrieve their own Reputation by a future Extraordinary Care for the Safety and Prosperity of their Country.

But I cannot Conceal my Concern at some Gentlemen, who first finding it Impossible to Conceal the Part they have acted in this *Farce of State*, this Whymie of Politicks, the *Tacking*; and scorning to say, they were ever mistaken, run into two Errors to Conceal one; these are Men of harden'd Principles, and Impenetrable Consciences, whom I must place among the *Incorrigibles*.

To these, nothing of all I have yet said has been Directed; to Talk to these, is like making a Speech to People that have no Ears; 'tis like Blind Beza Preaching to a Heap of Stones; 'tis in vain to ask of these Gentlemen to Reflect, or to Enquire their Meaning in it, for I never yet could hear one of them say, what the meaning of

it was; or, Whether they meant anything in it, or no?

But since I know it is to no purpose, Gentlemen, to Desire you to look backward, pray be pleased to look forward, and in the Prospect of things, let me Entreat you to suffer some Expostulations, in behalf of your selves and your Native Country.

Your Abortive Project, you see, is fail'd; the Machine is Burst, and the strong Concussion has shaken the whole Party; the Aversion all the Nation has to the Name of a Tacker, is such, that I really wonder at the Error in Politicks you committed, to Push at it so near the End of the Term; since the breaking up the House at the very Article of a Miscarriage, to go Home with a Reprimand from the Throne, and with the Brand of having attempted the Ruine of your Country, instead of its Protection and Defence, must needs render you so Contemptible in the Eyes of the Free-holders, and Electors, that your future Elections must meet with many more Difficulties than usual, upon that Account.

But as your Politicks have suffered some other Scandals than this, I leave you to the Effects of the Publick Folly and proceed: You have now Miscarried three times, you have lost this Ill-Natur'd Self-Interested Place, Securing, Nothing signifying Bill; you see the Government

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is against it, the Lords are against it, the Bishops are against it, and it may be said, without Presumption, as long as either are in their sense, you will never carry it.

Every time you have attempted it, you have been like the *Spaniards* before *Gibraltar*, you have lost Ground, and come off weaker and weaker; if you will not be quite Undone, you must raise your Siege; hitherto tho' you have suffered Deeply in your Reputation as to Honesty and Wisdom, we can only cry out of F—s or K——s; but if you go on, you will oblige us to call you M—— M——

That Noble Gentleman, who was for giving you the Cause, because knowing your Obstnacy, it was his Opinion, you would *never leave till you had it*; at first he rais'd a Scandal upon your House, in suggesting that, right or wrong, you would persist in a Demand, tho' never so Unreasonable; so he manifested a too Early Despair, like *David* in his Flight from the King of *Israel*; *I shall one Day fall by the hand of this Saul*; but he was justly call'd to the Bar of that House, for thinking the Queen and the Peers should not be as constant in the right, as the Commons could be obstinate in the wrong.

I think, Gentlemen, I may assure you, the Queen, the House of Lords, the Bishops, the Moderate Clergy, and all the Gentlemen of *England*, that are troubled with the Faculty of Thinking, are so Engag'd against your Design, in Principle, in Conscience, in Honour, in Duty to their Country, and in Debt to their own Safety, that it is impossible this Cause can ever be given up.

The Occasional Bill, has such Arcana's of Villany, has such Monstrous Vulcano's of Fire, such Subterranean Gulphs of Mischief, Blood, Ruine, and Persecution in it; the late Dreadful Eruptions at *Pica Teneriff*, are nothing to them; the Shocks it would have given to our Peace, to our Charity, to our Property, to Conscience, ay, and to the Church too, are too terrible for me to Describe; and we had much better feel this Dreadful Earthquake in the *Canaries*, than have seen the Effects of it here.

What Advice therefore can be better, and more for your Advantage, Gentlemen, than to move you to Desist from that Attempt which you can never bring to pass; which every time you attempt, you are further off from, than you were before, in the Attacks, upon which, you always come off with Scratch'd Faces; and

your Honesty and Discretion, *those Outside Coverings* to your Actions, get such Rents, such Fractures and Breaches, that the Rags and Tatters of them, will Discover the Nudities of your Understanding.

Do you hope to bring the Queen over again to Convert the Bishops; or, to get them Changed? Do you hope for State Turns, and Court Revolutions, in favour of your Batter'd Cause? Upon what horrid Principles must you Expect it? On what strange Foundation must you build those Thoughts?

I am Bold to tell you, Gentlemen, the Queen can never come over to your Party, without being what I have more Manners than to Name, and more Honour for Her Majesty than to think. It is impossible the Government can pursue such Incoherencies, such Preposterous Measures as are apparent in your Design, unless you can suppose Her Majesty and Her Ministry should abandon the Needful Care of the Government, let loose the Reins to all the most Impetuous and Inconsiderate Proposals, break the repeated Promises and Assurances to her Subjects about Toleration and Succession, relinquish her Engagements to the Confederates, quit the just Defence of the *Protestant* Interest in *Europe*, and do a thousand things below Her Majesty's Royal Thoughts to be Concern'd in, and which ought to be below any *English* Man's Thoughts to suggest.

For shame, Gentlemen, abandon Impossibilities and tho' your Opinions remain Unconvinc'd, let your Prudence satisfy you, it is Impossible you should obtain your Ends, why will you not desist—We desire no Victories, we are Content to rest satisfied with the Currency of the Laws, the Liberty of Conscience, the Protestant Succession, and the Church of *England* Government; of these we are assured, in these we are safe, and with these we are satisfy'd, he that is not of your side, as to us, he is no Man of Peace.

I am of the Opinion, if your Eyes were Open to your own Interest, that you can never be Invited to Peace, more to your Advantage; you can not pretend to have the better, your Cause Declines; Justice, and Liberty have the upper Hand of you; for God's sake, for your own sake, for the sake of your Native Country, Come in, Come, and join with us to fix the General safety to settle the Innumerable Feuds and National Jarrs among us, and make a firm Peace of Party's.

And

And that you may not mistake me, Gentlemen, give me leave to Explain what I mean by *Come in*, Not to us as Dissenters, as Whigs, or Phanaticks or a hundred other hard Names you are pleas'd to bestow upon your Neighbours, but Come in to us as Protestants, Come in to us as *English Men*, let all our private and unnatural Jarrs be bury'd in Charity and Peace; Come in to the Queen, Come in to the Church of *England* Establish'd by Law, and which whoever goes about to overthrow, even the Dissenters will, and ought to be the first to oppose, as it appears they were in the late Revolution; and if their Reasons does not forsake them, always will do so.

'Tis to a Church of *England* Queen, and a Church of *England* Government, that you are Invited to come in; and laying aside the Fury of your Temper, *Submit* and there's another hard word now, *Submit* what do you mean by that says, a Critical observer, why, *I'll tell you, Gentlemen*. Submit to your own Reason, Submit to the Discoveries, and Demonstrations your own Experience makes in the Publick Affairs; Submit to believe, That Peace among our selves can only save us; Submit to refrain reproaching the best Queen, even for your own Church; that ever sat upon the *English* Throne; Submit to withhold your Clamours at the Bishops, and other worthy Divines of the Church, who acting from Principles of Temper and Moderation, deserve much less to be branded for *Presbyterians*, than you do for *Papists*; Submit to Refrain Slander and Reproach from your Neighbours. In short, Gentlemen, Submit to be Honest, even Honest to your selves, Honest to your Posterity, Honest to your Neighbours, Honest to the Government, Honest to the Nation; this is all the Submission I invite you to, and I sincerely wish I had Eloquence enough to perswade you to this Submission, that this Nation might once arrive to that blessed Union among our selves, which all wise Men pray for, which the Queen often has mov'd us to, and which you are the only Men that hinder

If I should be ask'd here what I mean by these three Heads, Reproach on the Queen, Charge on the Bishops, and Slander on the Innocent; I inreat you, Gentlemen, not to puzzle me upon many Examples, but let me refer you to three Heads only.

1. As to the Queen, passing over the Insult

of Virulent Lampoons, Satyrs, and Reflections in Print, let the Gentlemen of *Oxford* be askt what Exposition they can give to their late Excellent Emblematic Device of adding Her Majesty's Motto to a new Fabrick erected there, and putting up the *Semper Eadem* & the Royal Arms under a Weathercock.

2. As to the Church I humbly desire these Gentlemen to enquire, for what Law and Insolent Language Her Majesty has thought the Learned Mr. *Wesley* Unworthy the bounty of the late Queen, and has therefore Dismiss'd him her Service, as he very well deserv'd; and whether another Gentleman of the Gown near St. *J...* *Jy's*, who Dances as he thinks Exceeding well, had not more Wit than *Manners* when he said the Arch B——p of *Cant—ry* and the Bishop of *S——bury* were Presbyterian Rascals, and deserv'd to have their Gowns pull'd over their Ears, for Voting against the Occasional Bill.

3. As to private Persons Injur'd by this Virulent and Unpeaceable Temper, Witness among many other that Impotent Slander rais'd on a Candidate for Parliament, not far from this City; who because he did not exactly observe the Forms and Impertinency's of the Blew-Coat Hospital Treasurer, in proposing to promote Two of their Children, shall be Charg'd with Kidnapping, and that Charge never brought out till just against the Election.

Tho' First of all he was to get nothing by it.

Secondly, The Hospital give Money with them on the same Occasion, and ought to have taken it as a Favour.

Thirdly, He himself first sent Word to the Hospital where they were, and how Design'd. And,

Fourthly, The Mother of the Principle Boy consenting.

I desire to be mov'd to no more Examples, tho' they abound; Slander and Railery are not the Ways to Peace; the Motions to 'it are grounded upon such Arguments, as, I am sure, can have no Reply: the things Charg'd, will bear no Defence: Why, Gentlemen, will you not hearken to the *Proposal*, or Confute the *Allegations*.

If all this will not do, if you are still resolv'd to push at your own Destruction, and to go on to Embroil the Nation, and the whole World; if you think this the Day of your Advantage, and that you are now Vested with Power to

bring it to pass, Pray, Gentlemen, give me leave *first* to suppose you could bring it to pass, and then to tell you a short Story which happen'd within the Verge of my own Knowledge.

There happen'd a Quarrel one Day among some Brick-Makers, that I had Occasion to Employ, and two of them fell to Boxing; one of the two, whose Name was Peter, got his Fellow down; and being to Fight Up and Down, as they call it, Beat him Unmercifully. The Fellow that lay under him, cry'd out; and as I was at some Distance, I run with some Servants to part them, thinking he had cry'd Murder; but coming nearer, I understood him better, and found he cry'd out, *Pay me Peter, Pay me Peter, 'twill be my Turn by and by*: Peter did his best; and being a very Strong Fellow, Maul'd him sufficiently—But at last, when Peter had Beaten him till he was out of Breath, the Fellow's Turn came, he got up, and Peter was undermost, and the other us'd him accordingly.

I make no Applications, I would have no Body Undermost, I would have all Love, Peace, Charity, and Union; but if ye will be Mad, if you will be all Persecution, and Conformity or Nothing, must be the Case, Draggon them into it at once, Gentlemen, show your selves fairly, set up Gallows and Gallies, send the Parents to Gaol, and Confiscate their Estates, take their Children from them, and Educate them in your own Blessed Principles, Affront the Queen, Dissolve the Settlement, Restore King James, and Declare your Minds; But then, I beseech you, Gentlemen, do not forget the Story of Peter and his Fellow.

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THE Reader is desir'd to Correct the following Error in the Supplement, Numb. 4. p. 11. l. 4. for *I Fraud, Disdain*: &c. r. *Tie, true, Disdain*, &c.

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